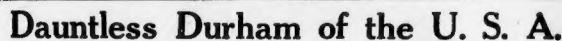


The Old Man Comes Home in a One Mule-Power

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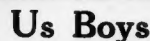
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The Noise in the Shell—The Enraged Savage—The Pursuit—The Happy Lovers!



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Why Are Freckles When You Can Get This Stuff?



Registered, United States Patent Office

Skinny Shaner's So Happy It Gets You Sore



His Honor's Glims Go Wrong



HARVARD TIME TRIAL STIRS UP YALE DOGSMEN

YALE CREW QUARTERS. Gates Ferry, Ct. June 16.—Yale's rowing coaches, alumni and week-end guests at the Ell camp are all discussing Harvard's great time trial Saturday. They are more certain than ever that Harvard's eight is not to be beaten at this season.

Here, what George M. John Wood, of North Attleboro, Yale's rowing statistician, said of the crimson trophy: "It has been clear all along that Harvard has a splendidly trained crew. Saturday's trial established it as the equal of most of the fast winning crews of that university of the past few years. It will give Yale a great race during the

Gore Back at Bow.
George Gore was back at bow in the varsity eight and will remain there. His injured hand has fully recovered. The rowing was light, the weather and freshmen eight paddling on

stream about five miles. Snowden said today that despite Harvard's fast showing, Yale will make no attempts next week at speed tests.

The Yale freshman flag has been stolen and the 1916 oarsmen are inclined to give their Harvard class rivals credit for its disappearance.

The Crimson oarsmen started Saturday evening about 7:15 o'clock, waiting till excellent tide conditions and nearly smooth water were available. They caught the water at a 38 clip, slowed down to 33 and kept this for most of

the trial, finishing at about 84. None of the oarmen faltered at the finish, attesting to their splendid conditioning. Coach Jim Wray said after the test: "I am much pleased at the showing made by the eight." The substitutes and alumni in the Red Top Camp danced a jig when the time was announced.

The freshmen paced the varsity for two miles, but lost their brush by three lengths. There were no changes in any of the Crimson eight. Fully two dozen former Harvard oarsmen and relatives of the crew members arrived Saturday. The crews were taken out yester-

day in Lars Anderson's yacht "Hexana," for an all-day sail. Bob Herrick, the Harvard rowing committee chairman, said that no more attempts at time rowing would be attempted.

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THE AMERICAN'S DAILY HOME PAGE

A Story of Baseball, Big Business
and the Real Thing in Romance

THE TRIPLE TIE

By A. H. C. MITCHELL

The Most Absorbing New Serial Any
Newspaper Has Published in Years

What Has Gone Before

GORDON KELLY, a young man from the mountains, who says that he has never played on any ball club and that he has never even seen a ball game in his life, joins the Atlanta club and by his phenomenal playing becomes the sensation of the baseball world and the Boston Red Sox buy him for \$50,000. In the meantime, he meets and falls in love with Mildred Derry, daughter of a doctor. One day Mildred goes out on a riding trip with Elmer Sheppard, a boy, and is surprised by the sudden appearance of Gordon Kelly. For a moment he holds her in his arms, and then they are interrupted by Elmer. Gordon says he lives there. Calm returns to the mountains and takes Mildred to ride. He asks her to be his wife, and when she refuses he becomes ugly. Gordon and Elmer appear and Calm tries to shoot Gordon, but a stone thrown by the boy knocks the pistol from his hand. Calm falls in a rage with Gordon, a mountaineer and makes him a proposition, as a result of which he rides up into the mountains and meets four rough-looking men and gives them money.

Mildred and Gordon become engaged. He takes her to see his home, which proves to be a splendid property on which his father spent over two millions.

Now Go On With the Story

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CHAPTER XXXIV

Mildred and Gordon completed their tour of the mansion. Every thing was on a grand scale. In a wing extending beyond the dining and music rooms were the kitchen, butler's pantry, laundry and servant's hall. Above these were the servants' sleeping quarters. They climbed the stairs in the main hall and passed into the sleeping rooms and guests chambers and then ascended a spiral staircase which led to a turret on top of the mansion. There a sweeping view of the mountains country could be had in every direction. Below them, to the West, were a series of formal gardens in terraces that led to the same brook that traversed Mildred's home. Beyond the brook lay a valley

out of which rose, a half-mile from the stream, a huge hill of solid granite. Viewed from the turret, it was an imposing monument.

"This house and all the outbuildings were built of granite from that solid mass of rock," said Gordon.

"The stone was quarried from the other side of the hill, so that no disagreement could be seen from the mansion."

"Who did all this and how was it done?" exclaimed Mildred, surprised at all she saw.

"My father planned everything you see here," replied Gordon. "He was the architect, butler, landscape gardener and all. Quarrymen, masons, laborers and workmen of every description came down from the North in trainloads. While they were here they were housed in shacks and when they left the shacks were burned. The workmen came in relays from the North. As fast as one set finished its work another took its place. Then came carloads of furniture and things and at last everything was completed. I am told it was a very busy place around here while the work was going on. My father and mother lived in a small house which was afterwards torn down. I was born in this house before it was fully completed."

"And you never went away from here until you went to Atlanta?" asked Mildred.

"Never went more than fifteen miles from this house in any direction."

"Why was that?"

"That is what I have wanted to tell you for a long time. Let us go down to the garden, to a rustic seat, where Gordon began his story.

"Nearly a hundred years ago, Mildred, my grandfather, Dr. Percy Kelly, came to this country when a young man and settled in New York. He secured a position in one of the very best banks in New York and he did his work so well that he was promoted to the position of assistant cashier. Dr. Percy Kelly laid the foundation of the Kelly fortune. His son, my grandfather, succeeded to the business, and he proved to be one of the ablest financiers of his time. He was seldom heard of in the big deals that followed the Civil War, but he figured largely in most of them, and when he died, about forty years ago, he was one of the five wealthiest men in the whole country, though none outside of his own family suspected it."

"He left three sons and my father was the youngest of the three. My father was educated abroad and after he finished his regular college career he took special courses in architecture, construction and structural building. He traveled extensively abroad. His tastes ran to music and the fine arts and he had no attractions for the banking business. His two brothers, my uncles, had long since entered the institution of which my grandfather was the head and had developed remarkable talents as financiers. One of them went to London and took charge of the foreign branch of the establishment, while the other remained in New York, and after my grandfather died he assumed the reins of management. Both my Uncle Andrew, who lives in New York, and my Uncle Peter, who lives in



They ascended a spiral staircase which led to a turret on top of the mansion. Here a sweeping view of the mountain country could be had in every direction. "This house and all the outbuildings were built of granite from that solid mass of rock," said Gordon. Pictured by Florence Shirley (as Mildred Derry) and John Craig (as Gordon Kelly), of the Castle House Theatre Company, Boston.

London, have taken occasional trips to this place to see us. They are both dead now.

"When my grandfather died he was a widower, and his property was equally divided between his three sons. They decided to keep the fortune intact; that is to say to allow it to remain in the business and in the investments already made. My father, having no taste for finance, shared his brothers to have his share as they did their own and under this system it increased and multiplied far beyond the needs of my father and his family."

"As I said, my father was educated abroad, and after his studies were completed he spent considerable time in traveling. In Florence he lost his heart to a young woman who afterwards became his wife and my mother. She was of an old New England family, and as her tastes were similar to my father's they were drawn together. They were quietly married a few months later at the home of the American Ambassador in London. From that moment until my mother died, nearly four years ago, I don't believe a more devoted couple lived on earth."

"This brings me down to a painful episode, Mildred—the only blot, the only cloud in our family sky. Soon after their marriage my parents decided to come to this country to live, as there was nothing to keep them permanently on the other side. Now my father had been accustomed to drinking light wines in Europe and he had never tasted the stronger drinks that are so much used in this country. My father and mother had hardly become established in New York and began a new life with their friends when my father, without the slightest apprehension of what the consequences would be, began indulging in the strong drinks that his friends were in the habit of taking at their clubs and in their homes."

Gordon paused a moment before he continued.

"Mildred, the results were terrifying. Strong drink made a beast of my father. He was like a vicious monster with the influence of it. In his right moments he was a Dr. Jekyll in his nature, but when he drank he was a veritable Mr. Hyde. It is true he committed no crime, nor did any of the atrocities with which the notorious Mr. Hyde is credited; however, it seemed only a question of time when something awful would happen. My mother was heart-broken, but she lived with a devotion that proved

Five Hundred Dollars in Prizes for Best Solution of 'The Triple Tie'

Prizes aggregating \$500 offered by the Boston AMERICAN for the best solutions of the great serial novel, "The Triple Tie," as follows:

First prize	\$200
Second prize	100
Third prize	50
Fourth prize	25
Fifth prize	15
Sixth prize	10
20 other prizes, each	5

"THE TRIPLE TIE" will be run in generous daily installments till June 25, when the final chapter will be published. Toward the very close of the story the serial will end abruptly at one of the most dramatic situations ever conceived by a novelist. Readers will then be asked to supply the solution to the several mysteries that surrounded the installments end.

Each reader "THE TRIPLE TIE" today, if you have not already done so, and send your solution to the AMERICAN. THIS IS NOT A GUESSING CONTEST. Originality, literary value and analytical clearness will be largely considered in awarding prizes.

A synopsis of the last installment will be placed in the hands of Joseph H. O'Neil, president of the Federal Trust Company. It will be held by him in a sealed envelope until a committee of three citizens not connected in any way with the Boston AMERICAN may select the winners of the prizes.

Address all letters to Mystery Editor, Boston AMERICAN.

told me once by my father and once by my mother. I am not going into all the details, but am telling you enough so that you can thoroughly understand things.

Plan for Redemption

"This dark spot in my father's life lasted nearly three months. My mother was in constant fear that something dreadful would happen. It was necessary to take drastic measures. She sent for my uncle Andrew. He was shocked at the story she told him. A telegram was dispatched to my Uncle Peter in London and seven days later he arrived in New York. There was a family consultation, to which my father, who by force of means had not been allowed to touch his share for nearly a week, took part. My mother and my two uncles were the others that discussed the serious problem before them."

"My father, who was the kindest, most courteous and most considerate man that ever lived, except for the brief period of

which I am telling you, was his old self at this family conference. He freely acknowledged his terrible mistakes and begged forgiveness of his wife and brother. When it came to a question of what should be done, it was my father who made the suggestion that was promptly carried out. My mother jumped at it. What my father believed would be a great sacrifice on her part she gladly assumed.

"My father's plan was this: As he believed it would simply be courting destruction for him to remain in New York, or any other city where the transportation of strong drink was always at hand, for in that terrible period he found himself unable to resist it, he proposed to take himself away from the haunts of men; to build himself a place away from everybody and live there for the remainder of his days. It was a drastic remedy, but the only thing to be done. There was nothing that could keep him in New York. His financial affairs were in safe hands. He had been brought up and educated to live a life of ease."

"When my mother told me the story she said she cried for joy when my father unfolded his plan to her and his brothers. The plan was adopted then and there and not a moment's time was lost in carrying it out. That very night emissaries were dispatched to the South. One went to the mountains of Virginia, one to North Carolina and one farther South. Within a week reports began to come in and within a month this story was selected.

Wife Never Left Him

"In the meantime my father did not leave his home. My mother never left him for an instant. They became so wrapped up in their project that all other thoughts were banished from their minds. My father began drawing plans before the site was selected. The moment the deed was passed, however, teams, several carrying outfits and all manner of supplies were loaded on a train. Six men and a foreman went along. My mother, with two servants followed. They pitched camp on the banks of this brook and from that beginning you see the result all around you."

"From that day, Mildred, neither my father nor my mother ever left this place. They were perfectly happy and contented. They disappeared all at once, and it was thought they were living abroad. My mother and their families used to come down from New York occasionally, and at intervals some very close friends of my parents would come for a quiet visit. My mother never left my father's side for an instant, day or night."

"Why was that, Gordon?" asked Mildred in a low tone.

"It was at my father's request. It was his wish. Strangely as it may seem to our otherwise so normal and healthy in every way, he was possessed of the fear that someone, in some way, would offer him a temptation he could not resist."

"How strange," said Mildred.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil

Remove Them With the

Outline Prescription.

This prescription for the removal

of freckles was written by a prominent

physician and is usually so successful

in removing freckles and giving

a clear, beautiful complexion that

it is sold by any of the Liberty-Johnson

drug stores under an absolute guarantee

to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a

veil, get an outline and remove

them. Even the first few applica-

tions should show a wonderful

improvement, and the freckles

gradually vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the

double strength outline; it is this

that is sold on the money-back

guarantee.

Where there is jollity,

there should Clicquot be.

In each sparkling, amber

bubble floats the spirit of

mirth and wit.

Dep. U. S. Pat. Off.

Clicquot Club

GINGER ALE

In delicious flavor is compounded

of pure ginger root, confectioner's

sugar and dashes of lemon and

lime.

Two Glasses to the Bottle

Sold by grocers who cater to the

best families.

Other Clicquot Beverages: Birch Beer,

Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Lemon

Sour and Orange Phosphate.

The Clicquot Club Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Safe

Prompt

Relief

From

Pain

AK TABLETS

Any Quantity of 10 and 50 Tablets

Post Toasties

Women

Appreciate

These crisp, tender bits because of their delicious flavor and

convenience.

Toasties are ready to serve direct from pack-

age, with cream and sugar.

Especially pleasing with fresh berries or fruit.

Include a package of

Post Toasties

In your next grocery order

and avoid most hot work

in the kitchen—

For Your

Comfort!

Post Toasties

Chapeaux a la Parisienne Three Models That You Can Copy



Mill. Marcelle Praince

By Olivette

TODAY we are showing you three hats that express the latest manifestation of "le dernier cri" from Paris. The hats are worn by three charming French actresses, and are quite the latest thing from one of the smartest of the smart French hat shops.

Mill. Marcelle Praince of the "Varietes" shows us the new idea called the "cabriolet dip," and at the short brimmed side her hat does resemble the bowl with down drooping brim worn by the cabby of Paris. The brim rolls up a bit at the left front and widens to the proportions of a slouch hat at the right. The model was bound at the edge with cerise satin ribbon and the crown is covered with a checker board made of interwoven cerise and white satin ribbon. A veil of soft white shadow weaves adds a softening touch to this simple but fetching model.

Pretty little Arlette Dorgere of the Vaudeville Theatre has covered her soft, fluffy hair with a scoop-shaped hat on bonnet lines. The circular brim is formed of white straw, and there is a wee soft crown of pastel-hued satin, which droops down in a long tassel at the left shoulder. Caught at the line where straw and satin meet, and following the line of the satin tassel, is a wonderful long spray of white paradise. This is what the French call a "chapeau de sole," and your true Parisienne would never dream of wearing it except in a theatre box or at the restaurant, or for some such fashionable evening occasion.

Lucienne Guett of the Theatre Michel wears a shining black hat with rare distinction. This extreme shape is very becoming to the woman whose well arranged hair softens the contours of the long flowing left side. At the back and toward the right this wonderful shape of black millau frames millau's face most alluringly. A magnificent spray of white paradise is caught at the extreme point of the lengthened brim and falls toward front and back in a soft cascade.

Mill. Arlette Dorgere

Mill. Lucienne Guett

Up-to-the-Minute Jokes

"Where have you been, Mary Ann?"
"I've been to the Girls' Improvement Club, ma'am," says the maid's reply.
"Well, and what did the curate say to you? Did you tell him who your mistress was?"
"Yes, ma'am, he said I wasn't to give notice, as I intended, but that I was to consider you as my bridesmaid and bear it."

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance, and finally came to personal dignity. The minister's little girl boasted:
"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.'"
"And every package that comes for my daddy is marked 'M. D.'," retorted the daughter of the physician.
Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party. "What?" she exclaimed, "that's nothing; every package that comes to our house has three letters on it—'M. D. D.'"

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

WHEN I went visiting recently I found to my surprise that they have a perfect baby. Pa didn't want to go, because he was afraid the baby's mother would be all the time talking about the perfect child, but Ma coaxed him to me to go with her, as the people was old friends of hers back home & had just moved back.

When I first saw the husband & wife I said to myself what a handsome father & mother. I bet the baby is a peach. But when I saw the little fellow I was mistaken, he was the ugliest little fellow I ever saw.

He was a year old & very big for his age & he was old strong & fine like a prize fighter, but his ears was too big & he had a long straight nose that looked like a extraordinary point & his mouth was a straight across his face & he had little ears over like a pig.

Oh the dear little thing, and Ma, he looks just like his father, don't you think so, mother? Mister Walsh?

A LITTLE DUBIOUS

Mister Walsh and I, but he was a good kind of hard work he and I. Pa, baby, and Pa, but from the ground up, least he? But I think he looks more like his mother and Pa. I don't you think so, mother? Mister Walsh? Yes, and Mister Walsh, you are the father and so. But I noticed she looked just as doubtful as baby's father about the baby looking like them.

I don't think he looks like either one of you, I said. You see one of the best looking couple which I have ever seen & the baby has got a face like a computer. I said. It is all I can do to keep from laughing when I look at him, I said. Mister & Missus Walsh.

What is the name of the dear little thing? and Ma, kind of quick. I got see that Ma didn't want me to talk any more & I realized that instead of making the baby's pa & Ma feel happy I had made them mad, so I went over & sat down in a corner. I think a father is wise when he has made a bad place to keep still for while instead of trying to explain it. A small thing was said.

Well, and Missus Walsh, to tell you the truth, we haven't given the little dear a name at all yet. I know that we should have named him long ago, but I am sure that he is going to do such great things in this world that my husband & I don't think up one name what to call him. I wouldn't like to name him William or Bobbie or any silly name like that. That made me kind of mad & I was going in to say that they ought to call the baby "What is it?" like that from Mister Burroughs used to have, but I knew better than to be impudent.

We were thinking that we would call him Xerxes, and Missus Walsh. I that Xerxes was such a noble sounding name. & of course, you remember the great Persian general that led seventy a million soldiers against Greece.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION

Yes, I remember, and Pa & the Xerxes didn't do a thing to Xerxes, did they? Oh, no. If I was you I wouldn't call your baby after a name like that. Pa said. Why should you call him Alexander the Great?

Maybe we will, and Mister & Missus Walsh. What do you want to be called, baby? I said. You see one of the best looking couple which I have ever seen & the baby has got a face like a computer. I said. It is all I can do to keep from laughing when I look at him, I said. Mister & Missus Walsh.

Poor Little Blind Bat

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A YOUNG girl wrote me:
"There is a young man in love with me, but he is rather homely, and I do not care for him very much, as I have lots of handsome suitors. He thinks the world of me, and has promised me a swell and happy home. I will marry him. But I don't like to marry a homely man."

Poor little blind bat of a girl! She wants to marry a pretty fellow, one of those pink and white affairs that affect a purple lip and purple nose. She wants a husband who will spend all his spare time to frost of the mirror, and all his spare cash in a photograph gallery. Well, I hope she will get him! Some one has to be the unfortunate when the victim is both willing and anxious.

The wife of the pretty man must make many sacrifices if she desires to keep intact the qualities that attracted her. Green maculosa beauty is ennobled by fine culture, and the pretty man must have nerves that match his face, new hats in and out of season, and clothes that set off his lovely form, though his wife wear garments that wouldn't be considered good enough to pack in a missionary basket.

There is just so much nerve and tone on the outside trotting in matrimonial harness, and by rights it is equally divided, the wife and the husband growing stiff and old and lame all together, but when the husband is a pretty man this division knows no justice. The pretty man reflects the best traveled side of the road; he thinks the worry of traveling, physical and mental, and falls behind in the pulling of the burden. He thinks of himself, and of the best way for preserving his beauty.

That which attracted the girl he married attracts other women every pretty man proving by his looks that the proportion of virtue of female form is one to every ten of male, and his wife must make heart-breaking efforts to

keep him that are unknown to the wife of a homely man.
The best husband is the homeliest one. The boy who has rounded shoulders with the realization that he is unattractive, squared like a robin's egg, has hair like that in the whiskers of a walrus, with a mouth like a cavern, and ears like a pinwheel, is so humble because of his unattractiveness that this humility results in a lasting gratitude for the girl who will look at him without laughing, and a love and devotion that never dies for the girl will not marry him.

Humbly, a woman like the own unworldly nose, age dear little blind bat, is the most desirable attribute in a husband and a pretty man doesn't know what humility means. Marry a pretty man, you foolish child, and if it is full realization of the fact that some day some particularly homely masculine relative will be called upon to help support your little family at his family.

Who knows?

SOME CHICKEN!

A Parrot 116 Years Old and Not Yet in Cold Storage



THE picture is taken from an actual photograph of a parrot that is one hundred and sixteen years old, and still has a lively crack. It belongs to an English family, but spent but fifty years of its featured life in that country. Its other sixty-six years was in its original home. Although it is almost "some everything" Polly has along in quite a lively manner, and is always cheerful. Perhaps therein lies its secret as longevity. Who knows?

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Twelve Welcome Wrappers and fifteen 2-cent stamps bring a Cold Meat Fork; twelve wrappers and nineteen 2-cent stamps, a Gravy Ladle or Berry Spoon.

Think how quickly on this plan, you can secure a complete set of this Silverware. You don't have to wait weeks and weeks just to get one piece.

Never Before Such Rich Silver

And when you get a specimen of this handsome Silver you'll see at a glance its extra quality. It has an extra heavy deposit of silver; the designs the popular gray-finish French "La Corona." Rogers is the maker. Each piece actually carries a 25-YEAR GUARANTY.

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Simply cut the required number of front panels from Welcome Wrappers and mail to us, together with proper amount in stamps. Be sure to say what piece is wanted. Your Silver will be sent you prepaid, by return mail. And we promise you a keen delight.

We urge you to get a specimen of Welcome Silver and compare it with the most costly kind. Address

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DAIRY LUNCH downstairs, with direct access from the street, offers a convenient lunch room for the busy man. A section of this floor reserved for smokers.

BAKERY All bakery goods sold from our display counter on the main floor are made by experts in our own model bakery. We solicit your order for all kinds of special cakes, decorated, plain or fancy.

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GENERAL COAL MINE STRIKE NOW FEARS

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 10.—That the labor situation in both Kanawha and New River coal field considered most serious by miners, operators and State officials is admitted all sides today.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 1.—That the labor situation in both Kanawha and New River coal fields considered most serious by miners, operators and State officials is admitted all sides today.

A general strike in these fields mines where the union agreement in existence would come as no surprise.

Reports received here to the effect that a pitched battle between guards and strikers had occurred at Carlisle in the New River fields from mass meetings held on Point Cabin Creek to the effect that the strikers who returned to work six weeks ago under the terms suggested by Governor Underfield would strike again, added to the uneasiness.

The decision of the former strikers at the Kanawha field to strike again and the fact that the Kanawha field is the largest in the state, added to the uneasiness.

day only winterized in part and most of the men again entered the mill though between 300 and 400 are working today. Others are expected walk out at any time.

In the New River field about 1,000 miners have been on strike for two or three weeks, some of them longer. Some of the operators have discharged

as soon as they learned they had joined the miners' union.

Midnight Rider

Like "Little Jef

NORTHAMPTON, June 19.—Eugene Bachand had a penchant for horse-riding by night. He borrowed, with leave, Wendell Edwards' horse, not only but many times. Finally Edwards a bundle of straw and Bachand was

His attorneys says his rides were caused by a mental aberration. Someone asked the attorney what he thought of Fisher's Jeff, who rode a polo pony for miles by night to win the international polo match, and the attorney said,

Prince of Wales
Held in Mimic W

LONDON, June 18.—The Prince of Wales is none the worse after being held a prisoner of war at Mytchett Farm, Aldershot. He had to spend the night in a cricket pavilion. The Prince was the driving line of the Oxford University Officers' Football Game, which was

atres

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BOSTON AMERICAN

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1913.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NEW ENGLAND,
DAILY AND SUNDAY

All Civilized Nations Should
Unite in Defence of
Civilization

The AMERICAN prints on this page today the well-known prophetic cartoon of the Emperor of Germany, published some years ago, in which the Archangel Michael is shown warning the Powers of Europe against a threatened Oriental invasion.

The Archangel Michael is saying, "Nations of Europe, guard your most precious possessions."

The cross of Christianity is displayed above the nations of Europe, and amid the smoke and flames of the devastating invasion are shown the outlines of the statue of Buddha.

This cartoon shows the concern of the Kaiser of Germany for the Christian and civilized nations of Europe. We assume that the Kaiser and Germany generally are concerned for Christianity and civilization throughout the world. We can hardly believe, then, that Count Reventlow voices the sentiment of the Kaiser and the sentiment of the people of Germany when he sees only a possible trade advantage to Germany in a Buddhist Oriental nation occupying the western slopes of the North American continent.

Are not the German Kaiser and the German people concerned more for Christianity and civilization than they are for a fancied, and purely fancied, trade advantage? Does the Kaiser's favorite cartoon apply only to the Christian and civilized nations of Europe, and not the Christian and civilized nations of America and Australasia and elsewhere?

We can say with confidence that the view of the Kaiser and of the German people as a whole is not so narrow and so venal.

Count Reventlow's utterances are both brutal and bigoted, both selfish and shortsighted. No good can come to Christianity and civilization anywhere by the weakening of the power and progress of Christianity and civilization in any nation, in any section of the globe.

If the struggle is in behalf of Christianity and civilization, of human progress and human liberty, then all the nations of the world which believe in these ideals should unite to further them and to oppose any influence which threatens them.

No petty prejudice, no small selfishness, no baser passions of envy or jealousy or greed, should cause distrust and defection, with the possibility of defeat and disaster of the common cause.

Let the Kaiser modify his cartoon to make it include the United States and Canada and Australasia, to make it include all Christian and civilized nations everywhere, and he will make it more worthy of himself, more worthy of his people, more worthy of the Christian spirit he is seeking to express, the civilized conditions he is seeking to preserve.

On such a broad and lofty platform the Christian and civilized nations of the world could be united, and should be united, for the advancement and advantage of all humanity.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

In This Weather—GIVE YOUR
BABY A DRINK OFTEN

It Cries for Water Often Than for Food

Copyright, 1913, by Star Newspaper

Warm weather means, unhappily, the usual numerous and unnecessary deaths of children. White hearses come in this weather, with the little white coffins lined with satin. And the poor mothers that have suffered to bring their children into the world suffer more intensely as they see them die. And then they use the money that might save the other children to pay for an expensive funeral which our false ideas of respect for the dead impose upon us.

Thousands of children are killed every year. Because dangerous, diseased milk is sold in spite of all warnings and Health Board regulations—money again more important than life. Because the lesson of pasteurization has not been thoroughly taught and doctors that ought to know better are stupid enough to oppose it, for reasons which they best understand.

There are a few things for mothers to remember. If you are worried about your baby, have a doctor see it, A GOOD DOCTOR. If you can not get a good doctor, get the advice of a doctor at a free dispensary.

Don't wear the baby when the weather is very hot, if you can possibly help it, or when it is ill. The change in food upsets the digestion and may be fatal at a critical moment.

Feed your baby regularly.

Sacrifice everything to this important point. The child's stomach gets used to food at certain times, and digests it easily at those times, if the food is regular.

Get a doctor's advice about feeding a baby if it is delicate. Every two hours in the daytime, and every four hours at night will do for a healthy child.

Don't dress your baby warmly. HAVE NOTHING TIGHT AROUND ITS NECK OR STOMACH. KEEP EVERYTHING LOOSE AND AIRY EVERYWHERE.

Have your windows open on day and night. Keep the baby off the dirty floor, where it gets germs on its little hands and puts them in its mouth.

Remember that in the really hot weather the thinnest possible clothing is all that a child needs. One little, thin, cotton shirt, low-necked and without sleeves, will do while the baby is indoors.

Avoid strong draughts. But better a draught than not enough air. Above all, give your baby enough to drink. If the baby cries in hot weather, give it two or three spoonfuls of water, cool, BUT NOT ICED.

Boil the water that you give your baby. And keep the boiled water tightly corked in a clean bottle so that germs won't get into it. Feed it with a spoon dipped in hot water, A CLEAN SPOON.

Dangerous signs of disease that carry off children suddenly are vomiting and diarrhoea. Notify your doctor, or the Health Department, AT ONCE.

Let your baby REST. KEEP THE FLIES AWAY FROM IT, THEY BRING DISEASE.

A young baby, washed clean in the morning, with cool but not

Nations of Europe, Guard Your Most Precious Possessions!



The German Kaiser's cartoon on the Yellow Peril, representing the Archangel Michael warning the Western Powers against the threatened Oriental invasion, typified by the image of Buddha.

Moving to the Seaside



cold water, put on its back almost naked on a bed with a mosquito netting thrown over the top of the bed (but not touching the child)—such a baby, fed regularly, with water to drink when it wants it, will be happy in hot weather.

Don't let the children tease the baby. Don't let grownup people play with it and tire it. Remember that it is GROWING UP AND DOING NOTHING ELSE. Don't try to awaken its intelligence or make it laugh.

If you stir up the little brain you disarrange the little stomach. Remember, WHENEVER A BABY CRIES SOMETHING IS WRONG.

Don't get cross; FIND OUT WHAT'S THE MATTER; that's your business. It may be a tight string, a bandage drawn too closely around the legs, need of a change of linen, or it may be thirst.

Don't feed the baby every time it cries. Give it water. Remember that.

If you offer to nurse a baby when it is thirsty it will take the breast or the bottle TO RELIEVE ITS THIRST, and thus YOU FORCE IT TO OVEREAT.

Incidentally, vote and work for better conditions in this rotten world, which allows tens of thousands of children to die every year needlessly, because of poverty and official neglect.

NOTES OF THE DAY

By Wex Jones

GRAPE Juice may not exhilarate; it may not produce much sport. But seldom, if ever, will grape juice land its consumer in court. Beware, young man, in the Maytime of the arduous with which you spoon.

For the sweet young thing that you go with may become your bride in June.

Each girl wears four stockings in Paris, where they're always pursuing the new.

Strange. We had always considered they were only equipped for two.

Remember, when weary from chasing and swatting the germ-bearing fly.

That one, unwanted in childhood, is a squillion or more by and by.

To destroy the low cost of living, which our West is far from terrific.

They are plotting our costly toilet ere on the shores of the starlit Pacific.

Snap-Shots

By LILIAN LAUFERTY

THE COMING OF DAY

Over the edge of the sleeping world,
Over the purple-hand hills,
Past the gleaming white shadow is faded,
Into the chaos of darkness whirled,
From the busts of blackness
Unfold—
Over the purple hills:
Out of the land of the sunrise glow,
Over the purple-hand hills,
Into the confusion of shimmering shoen,
Comes glowing morning, the Summer
queen—
Adorned are the purple hills.

LIFE IS WORTH IT

Life is worth it—
Worth the turmoil and the effort and
the pain,
Worth the hurt and disappointment
So you make but steady gain:
If the failure of the morning
Give you strength to struggle on,
If the evening mark some progress
From the darkness of the dawn—
Life is worth it.

THOUGH YOU QUESTION AS THE YEARS GO SLIPPING BY

"Have I failed in every project?
Have I seen my mark too high?
Does the failure of this morning
Mean I never shall attain?"
Nay! The power to strive transcends
Every failure into gain—
Life is worth it!

NAILED TO THE CROSS

We humans seem to be the only
animals that bleed—or need to:
Of course, true love is rare—but have
you ever seen a friendship so true that
it could survive the first counter-claim
of even an imitation love?
Disappointment in love is a sad and
merciful safeguard from disappointment
in marrying, and without the expense of
a wedding or a trip to Reno, you can
try again.

Ella Wheeler
Wilcox

—ON—

There Is Only One Need in the
World—Love. Any Man Can
Be Happy With It; No Man
Can Be Happy Without It

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I KNOW the need of the world,
Though it would not have me
know,
It would hide its sorrow deep,
Where only God may go.
Yet its secret it cannot keep,
It tells it to all who will heed,
And he who runs may read.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world,
When it boasts of its wealth the
loudest,
When it flaunts it in all men's eyes,
When its mien is the gayest and
proudest.
Oh! it ever lies—it lies.
For the sound of its laughter dies
In a sob and a smothered moan,
And it weeps when it sits alone.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world,
When the earth shakes under the
load,
Of men who march to the fight,
When rivers with blood were red

THERE is only one need in the
world.
The need to love our
neighbors as ourselves.

To do exactly as we would be
done by.

The need to understand that the
human race is one body; and that
when we do anything which harms
or hurts one individual, we harm
all individuals, ourselves included.

Just as we harm the body when we
injure any member—hand, foot, eye
or ear.

When we stop to think about the
world, the whole process of life be-
comes very pitiful.

Each, being born upon the earth,
is striving for happiness, from the
cradle to the grave, in his own way.

According to his light, he is do-
ing the best he can.

He does not know it, but the
whole process of things which he
can get out of life are peace of
mind, self-respect and the love of
his fellow men.

Nothing he can obtain without
these things, nothing he can
achieve or become, is of any real
value.

And there is no law but might,
And the wrong way seems the
right;
When he who slaughters the most
is all men's pride and boast.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world,
When it hables of gold and fame,
It is only to lead us astray
From the thing that it dare not
name.

For this is the sad world's way,
Oh! poor blind world grown gray
With the blind of a thing so near,
With the want of a thing so dear.
The need of the world I know.

The need of the world is love.
Deep under the pride of power,
Down under the lust of greed,
For the joys that last but an
hour.

There lies forever its need.
For love is the law and the creed
And love is the unnamed goal
Of life, from man to the mole.
Love is the need of the world.

No man can be happy without
these three blessings. Any man
can be happy with them.

Even though he is saddened by
the sorrow which results from striving
after the needless things of earth;
after more than we need; after
what does not belong to us; after
the possessions of others.

There would be no war; no in-
dustrial problems; no prisons; no
poorhouses; no white slaves; no
sex sins; if men and women all
set forth early in life on that
threefold quest—for peace of
mind, for self-respect, for the love
of their fellow men.

That is all any soul is seeking;
that is all any soul desires; be-
cause that is all there is in life
worth living for. Yet there war
and strife; and hatred; and sin;
and sorrow and anguish; and mis-
ery and poverty.

Because men have not yet
learned that there is only one need
in the world.

And the need of the world is
love.